

and I say, "That was at the Pleasant Trees
three years ago October.
I had stroganoff and you had halibut.
We had two bottles actually,
bill came to a little over 20 dollars, tip included.
It was a Louis Jadot selection
and when we got home we made love
twice."

PEOPLE ARE GOING CRAZY IN BAKERSFIELD

People are going crazy in Bakersfield. The cause has
been under the most intense of investigations for months.
The investigators have begun to go crazy.

The problem does not seem to lie with the fog, although
the fog extends for seventeen miles and even t.s. eliot
is rumored to have once remarked, "That fog would keep
a bloody prufrock off the streets." The fog never drove
San Bernardino loony in the past.

There's neither more nor less oil from the oilfields in
oildale than the oil companies have come to expect.
The town still shuts down at dusk; the beer-bars at two.
Farm labor relations long ago normalized. Cable t.v.
and the proximity of Magic Mountain have enhanced the
quality of life. The mountains remain two hours to the
east, the ocean two hours to the west. The water purity
is no worse than ever. Piss-analysis has proved nothing.

Meanwhile, people are going crazy in Bakersfield at a
geometrically progressive rate. Nothing has ever
progressed at such a rate in Bakersfield before.

"A PEECE OF THE CONTINENT"

my memory's in other people's minds.
because i am increasingly forgetful,
i tutor them, they teach me back.
they always seem to tell me what and when
i need to know for a poem.
unlucky in so many things,
and never having mastered how to charm,
in this i'm charmed.

i call my mother, long-distance, collect,
and ask, "where are the snows of rochester?"
the girl i'm with reminds me
that i used to be in love.
two wives restore two different me's.
one friend lets me love tucson again, and laugh,
while the other does the same for jesuit high.
my daughter is what i'm like now;
my son what i was as a little boy.
rodger refreshes me on the elizabethans;
ray tells me what i said when i was drunk.

no one has been more lucky
in the personages of his life
because no one's had less
a mind to call his own.

HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO GET ALONG WITH
THAN BELLA ABZUG

i loved my introduction to literature class
because the students, none of them english majors,
had a totally untrained approach to literature.

for instance, one guy in the back row
who was not only bright
but who had had experience in a civil service job,

raised his hand to say, "i can't help thinking
that bukowski, if he had only used the same
psychology on his superiors
that he did on his women,

could have risen to postmaster-general."

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

THE LADY WITH THE DOG:

her hair is white
she's in her mid-40's
lives in my neighborhood.
first time I saw her she screamed: